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Poems

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Life

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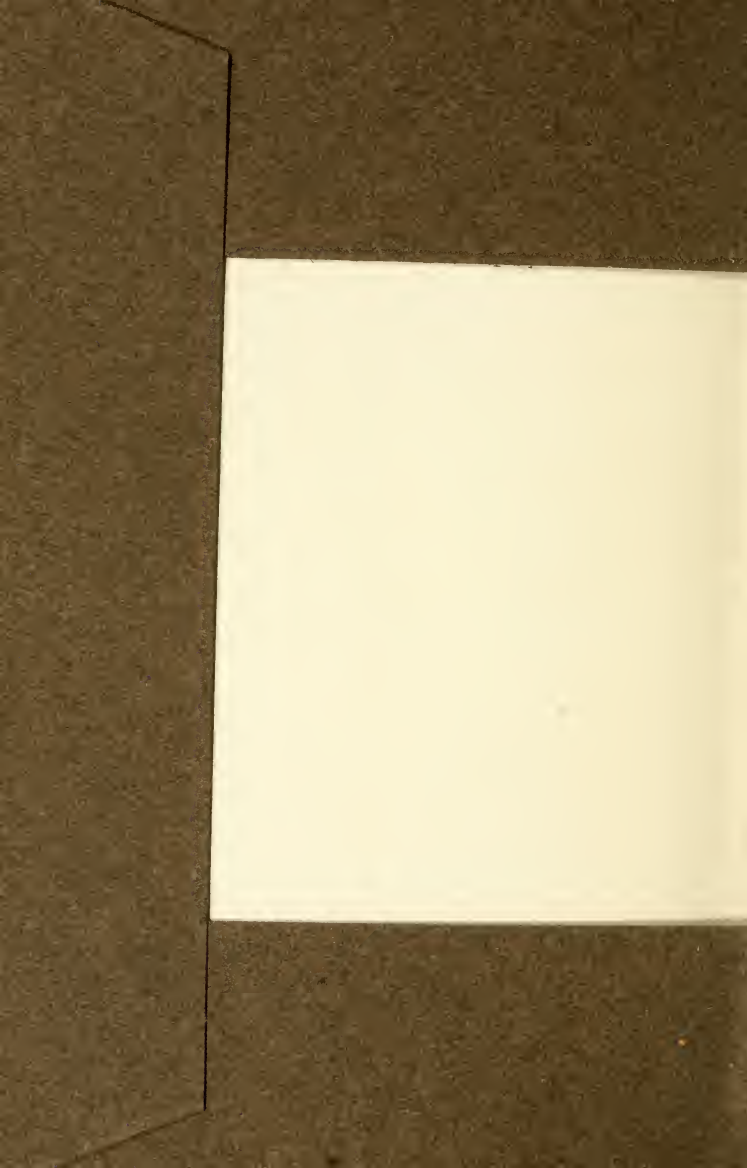
Songs

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By

B. F. Brown





POEMS  
of  
Life in the Country  
and  
By the Sea Shore  
and  
Songs



B. F. BROWN



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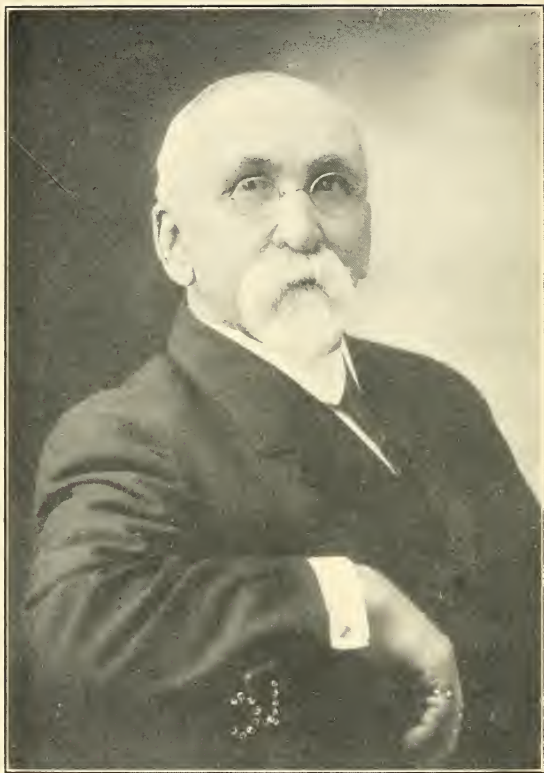
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B. F. BROWN

1912

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

1912



Yours truly  
C. M. Munn

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\*See third paragraph of "Introductory," page seven.

# *Greeting*

TO

THE FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH AND LATER YEARS, TO ALL  
THOSE WHO LOVE THE LIFE IN THE COUNTRY AND  
BY THE SHORE, AND TO THOSE FOND OF SONGS,  
SACRED AND SECULAR, THIS LITTLE BOOK  
COMES AS A KINDLY GREETING, A  
KINDLY ACCEPTANCE IS MY WISH.

A copy of this book will be mailed postpaid on  
receipt of 50 cents.

Address

B. F. BROWN, Muskegon, Michigan.



## INTRODUCTORY

THIS little volume of verses has many lines which, while I read, make me, in imagination, actually present among the scenes and with the associations there portrayed—in fact, these verses are born of my life in the country among the hills and valleys of New England, born of my school-days in the “schoolhouse on the hill,” of the days on the “old farm,” of the “sleighing parties,” “school exhibitions,” “singing schools” and many other happy times in childhood, youth and later years.

I hope these verses may touch the feelings of many who read them, and that, like the treasures in our memories, “while we sit by the fireside and ponder them o’er,” peace may “comfort our hearts like a sweet benediction.”

For those shown in the index with star attached I have written melodies (not, however, in this book) suitable to enhance the feelings expressed in the words. On the “Old Farm” was the home of my boyhood, and many years ago the home of General Israel Putnam, famous in the records of the War of the Revolution. I cordially welcome the readers of this little book.

B. F. BROWN.



# POEMS

## From Life's Experience

---

### THE SUMMER MORN.

A blush of pink melting in the blue  
With a lingering star just peeping through,  
A glow of light where the robin sings,  
The breath of the roses' blossomings,  
The silver webs on the meadow grass  
With tiny dewdrops overcast.  
The soft air stirred by the waking breeze  
To a low sweet song through the leafy trees,  
A thrill of joy in our souls newborn.  
All tell of the beautiful summer morn.

---

### THE SUNSET.

A royal gem was the rosy west,  
Of heaven's works, the loveliest,  
Draped with a sheen of opal light,  
The day's farewell to the summer night.

We watched while the Artist changed its tone,  
Till the brightest tints had softer grown,  
And as we gazed on the picture fair,  
We felt the hand of the Master there.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### THE WINTER DAY.

Bright is the dawn of the winter morn  
And icy the winds that blow  
Through the valleys and over the hills,  
Curling the drifts of snow.

The storm is over, the stars grow dim,  
The moon sinks in the west,  
A rosy glow on the hills of snow,  
A morning with beauty blest.

In the forest nook, by the ice bound brook  
The pine trees wear a shroud,  
And over their green its folds are seen  
White as a summer cloud.

Now the sleigh bells ring, and the horses fling  
Their hoofs on the polished road,  
And the happy throng, as they glide along,  
Is life with joy o'erflowed.

There's a charming play of the winter day  
On the heart, with a touch that thrills,  
And the cords of life grow strong for strife  
And the soul with courage fills.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### THE SLEIGHING PARTY.

There's no school tomorrow, say, won't it be jolly,  
We'll have a nice time with Susie and Molly;  
No lessons to learn, no problems to do,  
I'm awfully glad, I bet, so are you.

The teacher has asked the whole school to come  
As a big sleighing party to visit his home;  
It's fully ten miles and we'll all go together,  
Old "Prob" states tonight, there'll be beautiful  
weather.

Charlie says that your father has got a big sleigh  
And that he'll let him have it and also his grey,  
Then we'll take our old Dobbin and make up a span  
And we'll lead the party, keep up if they can.

That sleigh is a box, and we'll sit in the straw  
And have the best time that ever you saw.  
Take Susie and Molly, then Johnnie and Ben,  
And we'll find enough more to make our load ten.

To welcome our coming, there'll be a big dinner,  
Roast turkey and fixings, or else I'm a sinner;  
And next we'll play games till time to go home;  
I hardly can wait for tomorrow to come.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### ON THE OLD FARM.

Far away on the dear old farm  
Is a home with a lasting charm,  
    Old and gray;  
Its roof with moss is covered  
Where the waving branches hovered  
    Many a day.

How often has the dawning  
Of a beautiful June morning,  
    Long ago,  
At my window blushed while telling  
Of the roses sweetly smelling,  
    Just below.

The beauty, like a blessing,  
Of Nature, sweet, caressing,  
    Filled the air;  
The woods and fields were glorious,  
And summer reigned victorious  
    Everywhere.

In meadows sweet with haying  
We, happy children playing  
    Wandered free;  
The birds sang gaily o'er us  
While we would join the chorus,  
    Full of glee.

The round eyed daisies, spying  
The blue where clouds were flying,  
    Seemed to say  
"Though sweet at times life's story,  
Up yonder lies its glory,  
    Far away."

Beside the brooklet flowing  
We found fair gentians growing,  
    Heavenly blue;

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

And later, nuts delicious  
Encased in burrs malicious,  
Two by two.

Of work we made a pleasure  
In filling many a measure,  
Husking corn;  
Plump turkeys, round us feeding,  
Thanksgiving all unheeding,  
Fatal morn.

By fireside's ruddy glow,  
Outside, the drifting snow,—  
We would meet;  
With apples, ripe and red,  
And nuts on table spread,  
Such a treat.

And as the flames leaped higher  
We, gazing in the fire,  
Seemed to see  
Old Santa Claus, gifts bringing,  
While Christmas bells were ringing  
Merrily.

We had no thought of sorrow,  
'Twas joy today, tomorrow,  
Then,—always.  
Ah, me, as years grow older,  
The world seems hard and colder,  
Shorn of rays.

But far beyond its toiling,  
Beyond its sad turmoiling,  
Shines the light  
Of Heaven, a joy forever,  
Where the bright day shall never  
End in night.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### CROWS IN THE CORN FIELD.

Hang them old crows, they pull up the corn,  
The thievingest critters that ever were born;  
Dad sez "If we get one," he'll give us a quarter:  
That "if" 's a high fence and I think that he'd orter.

I took that old gun and shot at 'em twice,  
But they didn't care, the corn was too nice,  
So I just fired again, hit one in the tail  
And then they flew off, had plenty of sail.

Say, Billy, I'm full of a dandy idee,—  
Way back in our woods is a tall chestnut tree,  
There's a nest near the top, for I heard the "caw,  
caw"

Of a crow flying there, 'twas the little crows' maw.

A crow is a crow whether old or its young,  
If we get all those young ones, why Dad will be  
stung;

So we'll shin up the tree, I bet we'll get four  
And that will knock Dad for a dollar or more.

I expect he will squeal but that won't do any good,  
Them young ones are eating his corn for their food;  
A quarter for one means a dollar for four  
And if he hesitates we'll stick him for more.



## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### THE SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

The skool exhibition, why a'nt you a goin'?  
They say that our skolars will make a big showin';  
The hull skool cummitty will be there ter-night,  
And the children will bring lots of candles to light.

Down in the Smith Valley they had one last night,  
And them as has seen, 'sed 'twan't much of a sight;  
And in the Jones deestrick they didn't do well,  
But we'll show 'em how, make 'em think fer a spell.

Jim's a practicin' now, every evening this week,  
He's up in the atick, you kin hear his boots squeak;  
He's goin' ter speak of an Injun so brave  
That he'd swim till he drowned, 'fore he'd be a darn  
slave.

You know, our Salomie'll stand up and recite,  
She'll look terribul nice, goin' ter dress all in white.  
Jed Stebbins, he's horrified a yaller box sleigh,  
Throw'd out all ther seats, put in sum bog hay.

An' reckins he'll carry ez many's a duzen,  
By usin' two hosses, got one from his cuzen.  
Cy, he'll do the drivin' and Jed pack 'em in,  
They're sure ter git there 'fore the show will begin.

Don't sit there a smokin', just finish yer chores,  
Put on yer black trowses, them others is tore;  
Be sure and start arly, take Jim and Salome,  
After washin' the dishes, I'll ride down with Jerome.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### NATURE'S PLAY.

Blue is the sky dome over the green,  
Golden the sunshine sifting between  
Branches that lazily sway in the breeze,  
Showering the shadows under the trees  
With arrows of light from the quiver of noon,  
By the bow whose arch is the bright sky of June.

Sweet is the air with the perfume of flowers  
Yielding their life through the long sunny hours;  
With the song of the birds and the kiss of the dawn  
To give them a welcome, their beauty was born.  
And now seeks the sun its nightly repose,  
While over its couch drapes a curtain of rose.

The clouds rolling upward in waves from the west,  
Wear the colors of heaven with silvery crest,  
Where the moon proudly sailing dispenses her light  
Till the little stars modestly creep out of sight.  
These beautiful charms of the night and the day  
Are glorious acts in Nature's grand play.

In Elm Park, Worcester, Mass.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Soft whispering in the leafy trees,  
The slumber-soothing gentle breeze  
With fairy wand disturbs the air,  
Filled with the breath of roses rare.

The katydid 'mid fluttering leaves  
Declares she did, perhaps deceives;  
The whip-poor-will has wish intense  
That Will should smart for some offence.

Descending in the langourous night,  
With silent move, the moonlight bright  
Creeps through the windows, just to peep  
At white robed darlings, lost in sleep.

O summer night! 'tis Nature's sleep,  
O'er all the earth its rest will creep,  
And he, who daily does his best,  
Will largest share in Nature's rest.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### AFTER HUCKLEBERRIES.

Did you ever go for berries in the pasture lot,  
Go barefoot, where thistles prick, to find the thickest  
spot?

Six-quart pails you used to fill, nothing else would do,  
Mother wanted them for pies, and 'twas up to you.

In those August days, you know, it was awful hot,  
Largest berries never grew in a shady spot;  
So when you were melting fast, tired from the heat,  
You would break the bushes down, find a shady seat.

Underneath those big oak trees, just a mile from  
school,  
There you'd pick the berries off, feeling nice and  
cool;  
Then you'd go and break some more, bring a big  
pile back,  
Dodging thistles here and there and the wasps'  
attack.

You would never go alone, all the neighbors knew  
Where to send their boys and girls, where best  
berries grew;  
So there was a jolly time, every pail was full,  
When suddenly appeared in sight the farmer's angry  
bull.

He bellowed loud and pawed the earth, we scampered  
towards the wall  
And safely reached the other side with no one hurt  
at all.  
But berries! there they stayed all day, and there  
they stayed all night,  
And there, perhaps, they're staying now if that big  
bull's in sight.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### HAYING, SOME MEMORY TALKS.

Did you ever smell the new mown grass,  
Or ever have leisure the time to pass,  
Though short, yet sweet, in the field to rest  
While the haying season was at its best?  
If so, you heard the birds' sweet song,  
You watched, you listened and waited long  
And shortened the time for your homeward walk  
You can't forget, there'll be memory talk

    In a quiet way,  
Of the pleasures you had that summer day.

Down in the meadow in haying time,  
In days of old, when the scythes would chime,  
While the men, in shirts and overalls,  
Would whet them sharp for many falls  
Of the waving grass into winrows sweet,  
And the straw-hat boy with scratched bare feet  
Would spread it wide with his two-tined fork;  
Is the place that makes my memory talk

    In a quiet way,  
Of the old home farm and making hay.

And then, in the fervid afternoon  
We would rake the hay up none too soon,  
For the thunder-heads in the west appeared  
Like fleece from a sheep that was newly sheared;  
No time to waste, 'twas the workers' test,  
For the clouds grew darker in the west,  
'Twas a rush to the barn, to run, not walk;  
And that, too, makes my memory talk

    In a quiet way,  
Of how we escaped the shower that day.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Sunday morning, no lying abed,  
The cows must be milked and the chickens fed;  
Breakfast after the morning prayers,  
Housework then with its many cares;  
Every day there is work to do  
Which can't be left, if you are true.

Get ready for meeting, for all must go,  
The deacon plans to have it so;  
Hitch up the horses, two wagon loads,  
Three miles to go on hilly roads;  
At half past ten the bell will ring  
And very soon the choir will sing,  
Sometimes, the anthem, "Strike the Cymbal,"  
A favorite of leader Kimball.

A sermon long you listen to,  
He looks at me, then turns to you  
And makes you feel you are a sinner,  
Still, somehow, in your mind is dinner;  
And that won't be till half past three,  
For Sunday School the next will be,  
Then, in the sleepy afternoon  
The choir will start another tune.

Another sermon yet to come  
While little folks all long for home.  
When church is out, those wagons fill  
And homeward turn to climb the hill,  
A part in one, part in the other;  
But once, was left the smallest brother,  
No count was made before they started  
And he slept sound when they departed.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

But when they all sat down to dinner,  
Why, then they missed that little sinner  
Until a neighbor brought him in,  
(His face spread wide with cheerful grin)  
Who said, "I've got a kindly heart,  
But count, next time, before you start."  
'Twas Roosevelt's plan of family,—  
Now days, none lost, when only three.

---

### NUTTING.

In the bright October weather,  
After winds and rain together,  
Whipped the trees like strips of leather,  
Then, we children, merry-hearted,  
From the husking gladly parted,  
And with bags and baskets started,  
Bound to gather nuts delicious,  
Nuts inclined to be capricious  
By the burrs supremely vicious.

Gee, the burrs were most provoking,  
With a match we made them smoking,  
Roast the chestnuts by our poking.  
Under leaves and branches hiding  
Many chestnuts were abiding  
Just to help us by providing  
All we wished to homeward carry,  
Nuts for Tom and Jim and Harry.  
Satisfied, we did not tarry.

POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

THE HILLS OF OLD NEW ENGLAND.

O, the hills of old New England,  
How the pictures come and go  
As my fancy paints their beauty  
'Mid the scenes of long ago;  
The old home beneath the maples  
Where the happy children play,  
E'en now their voices reach me  
Till it seems but yesterday.

On a hill of old New England  
By the spreading boughs of green  
Stands the school house of my boyhood;  
Many years now roll between—  
Let the past become the present,  
Brush the mists of years away  
And once more upon that hillside  
Life is all a holiday.

O, the hills of old New England  
Rolling on 'neath summer skies,  
Forest-crowned or waving verdure,  
How their glory fills our eyes;  
Many lands I've traveled over,  
On their sunny slopes to rest,  
But the hills of old New England  
Are the ones I love the best.



## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

O, the hills of old New England,  
Would you all their beauty know,  
See them in the winter moonlight,  
When their brows are white with snow;  
When the Ice-King drapes their shoulders  
And like sentinels they stand,  
Ever watching, cold and silent,  
'Till the morn breaks o'er the land.

O, the hills of old New England,  
Could their stories all be told,  
Of the joys and griefs among them  
In the days now growing old;  
Many hearts would throb with pleasure,  
Many tears perchance might flow,  
But we long once more to linger  
Round those hills of long ago.

### REFRAIN

O, their beauty in the springtime,  
In the morn or sunset glow,  
Fairer still in breath of summer,  
Glorious in winter's snow;  
O, the hills of old New England,  
How my heart with rapture thrills,  
As I wander back in mem'ry  
To those old New England hills.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### THE MIS-PLACED SWITCH.

Wearily, tearfully tramping home,  
—For the automobile refused to come,—  
Hatless, switchless, the maiden, fair  
Excepting the spots where mud was there,  
Declared that never again she'd go  
In an automobile without her beau.

For highly elated, that summer morn  
She tooted and tooted her auto horn  
And tried to attain a marvelous speed,  
To the curves in the road she gave no heed,  
But the auto thus driven, go farther would not,  
Turned turtle and puffed in the meadow lot,

And safely rolled that maiden gay  
Over a pile of new mown hay,  
Sliding her into a muddy ditch  
Where the sticky ooze destroyed her switch;  
'Twas a lovely crop she had raised herself  
Since the days when she was a little elf.—  
Lucky for "Maud" the "Judge" wasn't there  
To see her without that bunch of hair.

The automobile was upside down,  
'Twas the most expensive in the town,  
But the dearest thing that perished there  
Was the switch of the maiden's home-grown hair.  
For the years will come and the years will go  
But never again on her head will grow  
Enough to make such a dandy switch  
As she lost that day in the muddy ditch.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### THE WRECK OF THE TITANIC.

There was wealth of beauty and wealth of gold  
Of value naught 'gainst a fate untold,  
The humble, poor and the millionaire,  
As the ship went down grew equal there.

Down in the depths their forms will rest,  
But far above from the regions blest  
Came the Father's love and His helping hand  
To give them life in the Better Land.

We never dream that our span of life  
May be cut short, while pleasure's rife;  
But, listen,—this the ages chime,  
Life here is dust on the wheels of time.

---

### THE BLUSH OF DAWN.

'Neath the starry dome, from its eastern rim,  
Timid and pale, comes the daylight dim;  
A blush appears as the waking dawn  
Approaches night, tells of day unborn.  
Her blushes startle, impel the night  
With star trimmed mantle to take its flight;  
The blushes vanish, their work is done,  
For soon appears the rising sun.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### THE COUNTRY BOY.

On a tick filled with straw, sleeping soundly he lay,  
A sleep that was perfect, for labor, part pay;  
No youth in the city could ever enjoy  
The pleasure of rest as much as that boy.

The calls of the morning awaken the lad,  
Shirt, pants, one suspender, enough, he's full clad;  
Not a minute is wasted, for all of the cows  
Must be milked before sunrise and turned out to  
    browse.

No short hours of labor has this country boy,  
He knows that no farmer could that way enjoy;  
For when winter arrived the purse would be lean  
And a struggle till springtime the only path seen.

After breakfast 'tis pleasant, in garden and field  
To work with a will for a full harvest yield,  
There's planting and hoeing and haying-time, too,  
And two holidays, just jewels for you.

'Twas no hardship to work, how often I think  
Of the days, hoeing corn, how the proud bobolink  
Just sings till his throat seems bursting with glee  
And all of his song is intended for me.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

O, don't you remember the day at the fair,  
Every one whom you knew was sure to be there,  
And bashful and awkward, your feelings awhirl,  
You could look, more than talk, when you met that  
    dear girl.

In winter the parties, the sleighing, the school,  
The games played at noontime, be fair was the rule;  
The good-night at the ending, the slide down the  
    hill,  
And pleasures, full many, the winter would fill.

O, boys in the cities, who think that you live  
And have better times than the country can give;  
Know this to be true, that the bright country lad  
Has pleasures far more than you ever have had.

Fast life in the city, like brass covered with gold,  
Becomes artificial and spoils when it's old;  
But life in the country, lived true to the end,  
Has all nature's charms that life to befriend.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### THE SINGING SCHOOL.

Now altogether, high from low,  
Do, ra, mi, fa, sol, la, ci, do;  
Just follow me and sing just so,  
Do, ci, la, sol, fa, mi, ra, do.

The violin, as he swings the bow,  
Brings out the sounds, now high, now low,  
And the teacher, singing and playing, too,  
Is an awesome sight to his country crew.

"And now," he says, "I will voices test;  
You, Thomas Jones, just sing your best."  
And Tom gives forth a rumbling roar,  
A bass untrimmed and something more.

"Now, Mary Ann, it's up to you.  
Just show me now what you can do."  
And the healthy blonde, with the yellow hair,  
Soprano proves while the hearers stare.

"A voice I heard in the rear end seat,  
Will Billy Smith the tone repeat?"  
Then Smith, he gave a piercing yell,  
Till the oil lamps shook, 'twas a tenor spell.

"An alto now we want to hear,  
I think we have one sitting near."  
And Nellie sang, a voice so sweet,  
That all the school said, "please repeat."

And so he picked them, one by one,  
Till finally the task was done;  
And singing school in the town hall  
Was started in the early fall.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### SCHOOL-DAYS IN THE COUNTRY.

In the dewy morning, over hills and dales,  
Merry voices ringing, shining dinner-pails;  
Up the hill they scramble towards the school-house  
door,  
Just as you and I did,—many years before.

Little bare-foot Tommy, Rob and sister Sue,  
Curly-headed Mary in her suit of blue,  
Row by row they're seated, faces all aglow,  
'Cepting "Stubby Peter," sliver in his toe.

Teacher calls to order, "Class in 'rithmetic,  
Places at the black-board, every one be quick."  
How the chalk does rattle till the problem's done;  
Bennie proves the victor, calls out "Number one."

Now the writing lesson; see them try to write,  
Noses near the paper, some with tongue in sight,  
Little heads atwisting, think they'll do it better;  
Gracious! what an effort, just to make a letter.

So the lessons follow till the noon is near;  
Then a solemn stillness while they wait to hear  
Just a little tingle, then with rush and roar,  
From the desks and benches, out the school-house  
door.

Pour the lads and lasses, bound to have some fun,  
Every minute precious till the clock strikes one.  
"School-days in the country"; were you ever in it?  
What a world of gladness pressed in every minute.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### THE CIRCUS.

Say, Jimmy, I read in the papers last night,  
The circus is coming to town;  
So get your best girl and I will take mine  
And we'll hitch up the horse and go down.

I saw near the village, on old Allen's barn,  
A picture of tigers a jumping,  
And elephants big with tails at both ends;  
I tell you, that circus is something.

Tomorrow we'll go and I don't care a darn,  
If when we get home, it's a licking,  
For we work all the time and don't get a dime  
And whenever I rest, Dad is kicking.

There'll be girls riding horses, with skirts like  
umbrellas,  
And stockings as long as your breeches;  
They're all pink and white, a most beautiful sight,  
Their riding, the fancy bewitches.

For peanuts and popcorn and lemonade, too,  
We'll spend for the girls lots of money  
And laugh till we ache, while our jackets will shake,  
For the clown will be awfully funny.

When down in the village, we'll go to the store  
And purchase pie, doughnuts and cheese  
And fruit, sweetened and canned, the very best  
brand,  
For a lunch with the girls 'neath the trees.

So keep your eyes bright, for money is tight,  
And whenever you can, grab a copper,  
For we'll need all we get, tomorrow, you bet;  
If we're questioned, we'll tell them a whopper.



POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE HILL.

In the golden summer morning,  
Down the sunny winding road,  
By the verdant, flowery meadows;  
—How my heart with joy o'erflowed—  
O, the happy days of childhood,  
Recollection brings a thrill,  
As in fancy now I wander  
Near the school-house on the hill.

Birds are singing by the wayside,  
There's a nest 'mid bowers of green,  
Berries ripe stain little fingers  
While they search the briars between:  
Wealth of beauty, joy and sunshine,  
Nature's best our longings fill  
While we trudge along the pathway  
Towards the school-house on the hill.

Blue the skies that shine above it,  
Curtained by the whispering trees,  
Rich the memories clustering round it  
Sweeter than the summer breeze.  
Smooth and hollow is its doorstep,  
Worn and thin its ancient sill  
By the little feet that entered  
In the school-house on the hill.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### THERE'S A REASON WHY.

When you slid down the cellar door,  
And carelessly your pants you tore,  
And mother spanked the place, till sore,  
    There's a reason why.

And when the school had not begun,  
The school-bells rang and you would run  
The other way and found no fun,  
    There's a reason why.

When for that girl you seemed to care  
And wouldn't take her anywhere,  
Her smile dropped to an icy stare,  
    There's a reason why.

And when your soul was full of greed  
To capture more than you would need,  
And finally did not succeed,  
    There's a reason why.

And when you neared life's journey's end,  
And found yourself without a friend,  
Why, then you knew the reason why,  
    The reason why.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### GIDEON SMITH THE JOINER.

"Carpenter & Joiner" that was his sign,  
But he'd join everything that entered his mind;  
The first baby show in the old Town Hall  
He joined and joined in the baby squall.

Later he joined in the primary class,  
Joined the teacher in kissing a beautiful lass.  
Joined in the singing, then joined in the prayer  
And in every quarrel that happened there.

Still later, when larger and able to play,  
Joined all the ball clubs that came in his way;  
He joined in licking the umpire, too,  
Whenever the chap wouldn't join in his view.

O, that Gideon Smith, he joined the church  
And societies, all he could find by search,  
The Masons, the Elks, the Oddfellows, too.  
Why, he joined them all and longed for new.

He joined with Salomie in wedlock bonds,  
Then joined with the preacher in holding her hands;  
He joined in living with her the life  
That made them happy, as man and wife.

He joined in the crowd that went to his grave,  
But there, left alone, just his record to save.  
He concluded to leave and join Gideon's band  
And in singing the songs in the heavenly land.

POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

THE QUILTING BEE.

"Sary, you must sweep the parlor  
And then open all the blinds,  
All them frames are in the garret,  
Wish we had some better kinds.  
But you bring 'em down, we'll use 'em,  
Put 'em on those high-back chairs.  
Reckin they're as good as Hubbards'  
Or as others any where.

"Widder Maine and Mary's comin'  
Allens, Hubbards, Chapmans, too.  
There'll be plenty for the quiltin',  
And we'll have a sight to do;  
I'm a goin' to do some cooking,  
Make some bread and jelly cake,  
Sugar-quince, some tea and cookies,  
That's enough for them to take.

"Here they are: 'why, Mandy Wiggins,  
Where on 'arth is sister Liz?'  
'O, she's feelin' purty meechin,  
Got a touch of rheumatiz.'  
Never mind, we'll do some hustling,  
Things are ready for you all,  
Seems as if your new skirt's rustling,  
Mandy, ain't you gettin' tall?

Sakes alive! why look at Sally,  
My, she's gettin' awful fat;  
How's she makin' out with Hally?  
Bet he don't know what she's at.  
T'other day I heard that Cyndy  
Hoped to catch that city chap,  
Just because the brazen feller  
Tried to take her in his lap.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

"Widder Maine sez: 'tain't no jokin'  
'Bout them little Hubbard twins,  
When you sort 'em, do some pokin'  
Till you find two safety pins;  
That one's Jimmie, always wears 'em;  
Johnnie, he ain't got but one.  
My! if anybody tears 'em  
Off the young uns there'll be fun.'

"There, I guess you all need resting,  
Come into the settin' room,  
Mandy's in there, tea a-testing,  
—Made this carpet on my loom—  
Sit down now, don't stop for dressin'  
Wish the minister was here,  
But our Sary'll ask the blessin'  
We kin eat then without fear.

"Mandy, won't you pour the tea,  
Middlin' weak or, mabbe, strong,  
Won't you all say how you like it  
'Fore I pass the cups along?  
Take some bread and home made butter,  
Try my cake, it's awful good.  
There's some quince and sugar cookies,  
Tried to make the best I could.

"Well, I hope you've all had plenty,  
'Don't go hungry,' is my say,  
And I'm awful glad the quiltin'  
Is all finished nice today;  
Thank you for the help to do it,  
Now I bid you all good-night.  
Hope they've left enough for supper,  
Men folks eat an awful sight."

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### IN SUMMER TIME.

There's a mystery enchanting  
In the whispering summer breeze,  
Charming us to full surrender  
In the hammock 'neath the trees;  
Drowsy murmurings above us  
Of the rustling, timid leaves,  
Weaves a sleepy mantle o'er us  
And from weariness relieves.

There's a laziness that credits,  
Resting brings a rich return  
Of the strength reduced by toiling,  
Toiling hard the prize to earn.  
Glorious Summer tells the story  
Of all nature in full prime,  
Bringing us a feeling prescient  
Of a glad vacation time.

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### PEEP, PEEP, PEEP.

Way down in the swamp, by the pasture near,  
Peep, peep, peep,  
The first voices of spring, spring actually here.  
Peep, peep, peep,  
They are little peep-frogs  
In invisible togs,  
Peep, peep, peep,  
When the twilight descends  
Thus they call to their friends,  
"Spring gently awakes  
From our long slumber takes  
Till we  
Peep, peep, peep."

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### IN MEMORY'S CHAMBER.

In the chamber of memory are beautiful treasures,  
Enticing us often to enter its doors;

Its pictures are full of the dearest of pleasures,

And, O, how we long just to live them once more.  
How swift sped the hours, how bright was the sunlight,

How happy the seasons those pictures recall,  
Through the veil o'er the past their radiance glimmers,

Like glow of the sunset when night shadows fall.

One canvass, presenting a scene of my childhood,

Shows sweet little faces and white slumber clothes  
Encircling the fireside, whose bright, sparkling  
embers

Discover the darlings just warming their toes.

Another I see,—now the years have grown older,

And softly the moonlight its drapery throws  
'Round a beautiful face, nestling close to my shoulder  
Enchanting and sweeter than June's blushing rose.

There are moments so precious, they sparkle like  
diamonds,

There are hours rich as rubies, whose record is  
there.

There are days, like rare gems, when the blue arch  
of Heaven

Seems the curtain of Paradise, wondrously fair.

These treasures are ours, ours now and forever,

Their beauty unfading, time adds to their store;  
Peace comforts our hearts, like a sweet benediction,  
While we sit by the firelight and ponder them o'er.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### HIS WEALTH TO GAIN.

By the fireside he sat in his easy chair,  
Sat watching the embers glowing there,  
And thinking of days in the long ago,  
When he chose a way in life to go.

In those days of old, ah, life was sweet,  
Its sorrows drowned by joys complete;  
The look ahead was a charming view,  
The stopping places bright and new.

His purpose then was wealth to gain,  
To strive and never from that refrain,  
And now, at last he had reached the goal,  
But the embers of life must pay the toll.

He watched the embers, while, one by one,  
Their light went out like the setting sun,  
And thought while he sat in his easy chair,  
That his all must fade like the embers there.



POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

A QUARTET OF WILD FLOWERS.

**Yellow Cowslips**

Out in the woods in the early spring  
When the joy of birds just makes them sing;  
Down in the swamp where the alders grow,  
Twixt mossy bogs where dull waters flow;  
With bright green leaves, near the mosses old  
Are the early cowslips with hues of gold.

What a joy supreme, just to wander there  
From bog to bog, look out! take care!  
Then a careless tread betrays your feet  
And their muddy tops is mud complete;  
A few more steps and you make a pull  
For the solid ground with your basket full.

The songs of spring are in the air,  
The swelling buds their faith declare  
That the winter days are past and gone  
And the green trimmed boughs are hastening on  
To make the woods a leafy bower  
Where the sunlight shoots its arrow shower.

**Daisies**

Daisies purple, daisies white,  
Ox-eyed daisies, golden bright;  
Every little blossom knows,  
When the summer south wind blows,  
Waving grassy slopes in June,  
That its short life endeth soon.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

So it uses all its power,  
Buds are opening every hour  
Fields of daisies, purest white  
Glisten in the soft sunlight,  
Gaily dotted here and there  
Where the happy children are.

Picking all they want and more,  
Making daisy chains galore,  
Shouting, laughing, full of glee,  
Not a care, from labor free.  
Daisy time in leafy June  
Perfect chord in Nature's tune.

### Golden Rod

Near the old stone walls, by the country road,  
Close by the fence, after fields are mowed,  
Bowing politely, to those who have trod  
Over the hills, is the golden-rod.

All day long with the winds at play,  
Growing in beauty day by day;  
Counting its bloom as a mass of gold,  
Despising all others as poor and old.

O, the golden-rod is a proud young thing  
And sways its head with a saucy fling,  
But when you meet it and stop a while,  
It greets you then with a winning smile.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### Blue Fringed Gentian

Blue fringed gentian  
Claims attention  
In September hours;  
Born of sunlight,  
'Tis its birthright,  
Queen of all wild flowers.

You must travel  
To unravel  
Questions where to find it;  
One year, hither,  
Next year, thither;  
Leaves no trace behind it.

By the brookside  
Near the noontide,  
There its beauty glows;  
Buds uplifted,  
Opened, rifted,  
When the sunshine flows.

Sky blue tinges,  
Dainty fringes  
'Round their lovely bells;  
Is the story  
of their glory  
That the vision tells.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### SLEEP, REST AND WAKING.

Sleep on, sleep on,  
Sleep while the night dews are falling;  
Sleep on, sleep on,  
Sleep while shineth the starlight;  
Sleep on, sleep on,  
Hours for slumber are calling;  
Sleep on, sleep on,  
Sleep till cometh the daylight.

Sleeping, sleeping,  
Moonbeams and shadows are swaying;  
Softly, gently,  
Under the green leafy bowers;  
Resting, resting,  
While the night breezes are playing;  
Waking, waking,  
Gone are the sleeping hours.

Arise, arise,  
For brightly shines the dawning;  
Arise, arise,  
The night is past and gone;  
Arise, arise,  
For now awakes the morning,  
Arise, arise,  
The summer day is born.

Sunshine, sunshine,  
Robe of the beautiful morning;  
Falling, falling,  
Draping the garden of flowers;  
Smiling, smiling,  
Valley and hilltop adorning;  
Sunshine, sunshine,  
Charming the summer hours.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### ROSES.

Down in the garden I wandered one morn,  
Looking for roses sweet;  
Roses in blossom with night dews thereon,  
Robed in a beauty complete.  
Searching I found the fairest ones there,  
Born while the stars shone above;  
Breathing their fragrance, their perfume rare,  
Sweet as a message of love.

Only the best of the roses I took,  
Roses I knew she would prize;  
Payment in full would be her kind look,  
Just a look from the dearest blue eyes,  
I gave her the roses, said never a word  
But watched the light shine in her eyes,  
And then, in return, no language was heard,  
Her gift was the sweetest surprise.

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### MARY'S PICTURE.

Mary had her picture "took,"  
Sitting in a little nook  
'Neath the trees, all dressed in white,  
In a warm caressing light,  
In a soft and mellow light;  
Sitting there she looked so sweet,  
Looked so tantalizing sweet  
That my heart was in a flutter,  
In a wild and happy flutter  
And some words I longed to utter,  
Longed, but had no chance to utter,  
Grew so warm within me burning,  
That unto my window turning.  
Soft I breathed my words and prayer  
That the throbbing, conscious air,  
Which would never fail to reach her,  
All those words might surely teach her.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### DAYS OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

Out of the past, from the bright days of yore,  
Treasures unnumbered in memory's store,  
Comfort our hearts, while the night shadows fall,  
Bringing the old times back to us all.  
Far, far away, are those beautiful isles,  
Days of our childhood enrapt with its smiles;  
Far, far away, yet with favoring gales,  
Sometimes we reach them in memory's sails.

Sweet are the songs that we heard long ago,  
Sweeter the singers whose voices we know,  
When, in our memory, this picture unrolls,  
Almost the old joys are thrilling our souls.  
Far, far away, are those beautiful isles,  
Days of our childhood enrapt with its smiles;  
Far, far away, yet with favoring gales,  
Sometimes we reach them in memory's sails.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

Only a bunch of violets sweet,  
Only a vision of heavenly blue;  
Only blue eyes they love to meet,  
Only a token of love for you.  
Only a little gift 'tis true,  
Yet when you look with your eyes of blue  
Over them fondly with tender care,  
Surely my love will meet you there.

#### REFRAIN

Only a bunch of violets sweet,  
Only blue eyes they love to meet;  
So do I send them with joy to you,  
Breathing my love in these violets blue.

Only a bunch of violets sweet,  
Telling the story of lovely spring;  
Shyly they bloom where the birds retreat  
Near by the woodland their songs to sing.  
Blue are the skies on a summer day,  
Blue are the hills in the far-away;  
Blue are these violets, yet, 'tis true,  
Lovelier still are your eyes of blue.

THE SEA.

By the rolling sea, on the wave-beat shore,  
Is the place I love when the breakers roar;  
When the howling winds drive the angry skies  
Till the shadows grow where the sea-gull flies.

When the cloudless sky wears a turquoise hue,  
Then the sea replies with a deeper blue;  
And its feathery edge a white rim shows  
Where the sandy beach in the sunlight glows.

How the moon's soft rays, in the summer night,  
On the dimpling waves paint a path of light;  
And the stars like diamonds gleam afar,  
While the sea sobs low on the harbor bar.

There's never a day and never an hour,  
When by the sea, but we feel its power;  
And whether its mood be wild or tame,  
Its spell is over us just the same.

The years will come and the years will go  
While ever its tide will ebb and flow;  
And never its breast rest quietly  
Till it laps the shore of eternity



POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

ONE SUMMER NIGHT.

Breaking gently in milky foam,  
Then returning, again to come;  
    Constant never,  
    Coqueting ever,  
Trimming with lace the curving shore,  
With silver fringing it o'er and o'er;  
Thus did the waves, one summer night,  
While we watched them play in the mellow light.

The moon looked down on an opal sea,  
Which softly sang a lullaby;  
Born of the spirit of sad unrest,  
Flashing the diamonds on its breast.

O, never a fairer sight was seen  
Than met our gaze that summer e'en;  
    The long white reach  
    Of the sandy beach,  
Bathed in a marvelous pearly light,  
Beckoned us on through the beauteous night;  
It seemed like a walk on the Heavenly shore,  
By the boundless sea of the Evermore.

'Twas a night to live in memory,  
Just the fairest picture there,  
To calm the troubled spirit,  
Like the breath of an angel's prayer.

A haze, like the rainbow's shadow,  
Crept down the arched sky,  
Weaving with warp of moonlight  
    A royal canopy,  
Whose folds were pinned with starlights,  
Whose beauty draped the sea,  
And all the realm of nature  
Was one grand harmony.

(A moonlight Summer night on the beach near Point Judith, R. I.)

POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

THE COTTAGE BY THE SHORE.

There's a cottage by the sea shore,  
Where the breakers ceaseless roll  
Over rocks and through the inlets  
Towards this cottage on the knoll.  
There, are woodlands, fields and pastures,  
Tempting spots in summer days  
Where the rambler from the cottage  
Finds reward that richly pays.

Green the hillside near the cottage,  
Blue the sea in sunny days,  
Golden glory in the sunsets,  
Dimpling waves 'neath moonlight rays,—  
Years ago, for recreation,  
Resting free from toil and care,  
Full released in glad vacation  
Friends, life-welded, gathered there.

Many ties, then sound, are broken,  
Stretching toward the Great Unknown;  
Little ones, who there were romping,  
Struggle now to reach life's throne.  
Life is ever onward rushing,  
Like the breakers, towards that shore,  
Where at last it lands its pilgrims  
Safely in the Evermore.

POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

ON THE SANDY BEACH.

On the white sandy beach,  
Just to sit there and gaze,  
Breathing full the salt air,  
While the sun sheds its rays  
Over grasses and pebbles,  
Over waters of blue,  
Over ripples that sparkle,  
Is enchanting to view.

A mysterious charm  
Envelopes the soul  
While we're watching the breakers  
Never ending their roll;  
The dance of the moonlight  
With ghosts of the spray  
Enthralls and bewilders,  
The world fades away.

Till a trim little maiden  
Trips along on the sand,  
With eyes of sea blue,  
Cheeks ruddy and tanned;  
Robed dainty in white,  
Neither stockings nor shoes,  
A vision of beauty,  
A charm for the muse.

POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

BY THE SEA, A RETROSPECT.

On the curving beach we stroll  
While the west is a rosy light,  
Till the flash where the breakers roll  
Discovers the Queen of Night.

The stars are so bright, seems the story true,  
That some time they might have been  
Just windows through the arch of blue,  
To let heaven's glory in.

The lights on the dancing waters  
Seem playing at hide and seek,  
While we watch with a thrill of feeling  
That language cannot speak.

The beautiful night is o'er us,  
Like a master touching the strings,  
Its charm plays sweetly on our hearts  
Till a heavenly melody sings.

Our thoughts are ever returning,  
Like little waves kissing the shore,  
To the past with an infinite yearning  
To live it all over once more.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### SPRINGTIME.

In the shade of the old garden apple tree resting;  
While breezes play softly mid blossoms and leaves,  
And in its green branches the robins are nesting;  
Glad notes of the springtime my fancy receives.  
A perfume delicious my breath is inhaling,  
The arch of the sky wears a lovely May blue,  
And over its sea the white clouds are sailing,  
Till, harbored in sunlight, they vanish from view.

Now down by the meadows where flowers are  
springing,  
The swallows are curving in crescents of light,  
While sweet on the air falls the jubilant singing  
Of birds new redeemed from the winter's long  
night.  
O, glorious springtime, when earth is awaking,  
And Nature in beautiful garments is dressed;  
Thy smile giveth life to each day's undertaking,  
Thy generous heart ever brings us the best.

## POEMS FROM LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

### AFTER THE NIGHT TIME.

Now creep the stars through the twilight,  
Brighter they shine, one by one;  
Softly the night breezes whisper,  
Rest, for the day's work is done.

Sleep gently, sleep till the morning  
Waketh the birds and the flowers;  
Then, when all nature is smiling  
Through tears of dewdrops in showers,  
Never a day can be fairer,  
Never more peaceful the hours.

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### PEACE.

On the moonlit sands by the summer sea,—  
Above, the vast infinity,  
Full of celestial harmony;  
Around, a sweet tranquility,  
The slumbering days last lullaby,—  
Stilled by the night's soft witchery,  
We sit and dream.

The world is gone with yesterday;—  
Beyond, is all a mystery,  
Now, from the Night's divinity,  
Falls with her beauteous drapery,  
Falls on our souls like melody,  
A happy peace.

# SONGS

## Sacred and Secular

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### THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

Christmas dawning,  
Christmas morning,  
Hark! The bells in gladness ring,  
Joyful pealing,  
This revealing,  
'Tis the birthday of our King!

#### REFRAIN

Tell the wondrous, wondrous story,  
Sing the angel's glad refrain,  
"Glory in the highest, glory!  
Peace on earth, good will to men!"

In the midnight,  
In the star light,  
From a radiance like the morn,  
Came the tidings,  
Joyful tidings,  
"Christ, the Lord, this day is born!"

Brightly shining,  
Far out-shining  
All the stars of eastern skies,  
Wondrous seeming,  
Glory beaming,  
See! The Saviour's Star arise!

## SONGS SACRED AND SECULAR

Towards the sunset,  
Bethlehem's sunset,  
Went the wise men from afar;  
Found the Stranger,  
Heavenly Stranger,  
Guided by the Orient Star.

"Glory, Glory,  
In the highest!"  
Long ago the angel's sang;  
Rapture-thrilling,  
Heaven filling,  
Till the dome of midnight rang.

Tell the wondrous, wondrous story,  
Sing the angel's glad refrain,  
"Glory in the highest, glory!  
Peace on earth, good will to men!"

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### THE RIVER OF LIFE.

There's many a snag in the river of life  
And winding its currents and way,  
Our bark must be steered through the storm and  
strife  
To reach the safe harbor some day.

There's many a path leading through the mist  
That covers the future, that will be missed;  
We can only hope, that among them all,  
The one we find will have little fall.

There's many a day when losing sight,  
The way seems dark, no beacon light;  
And we cannot tell which way to go  
Then comes the thought, that He will know.



## SONGS SACRED AND SECULAR

### LIGHT OF THE MORNING.

Light of the morning, beautiful light,  
Bringing the summer day,  
Thrills with its splendor the stars of night  
Till they silently creep away.  
Over the sea, like a shower of gold,  
Down from the arch of blue  
Its glories shine and the waves enfold  
With a beauty ever new.

Light of the morning, from eastern skies,  
Joy to the birds and flowers  
Cometh while over the earth it flies,  
Till sweet are the sunny hours.  
The night departs, afraid to stay,  
And rushing with sable wings,  
To the far, far west it speeds away  
While the light of the morning sings.

Singing a song that 'tis joy to live,  
Singing with words of cheer,  
Singing of Nature ready to give  
Rich gifts to her children dear.  
Light of the morning, beautiful light,  
Never will be surpassed  
Till we reach some day in the far away,  
The Light of Heaven at last.

## SONGS SACRED AND SECULAR

### IN THE FAR AWAY BLUE.

There's a home in the far away blue,  
'Tis a beautiful story, so true,  
Where the stars ever glow  
While the clouds roll below,  
Is our home in the far away blue.

#### REFRAIN

In the far away blue, in the far away blue,  
Our hearts will be thrilled by the song ever new,  
Where the stars ever glow while the clouds roll  
below  
We shall meet in the far away blue.

We shall meet in the far away blue  
All the dear ones in life time we knew,  
Robed in garments of white,  
Where the Lamb is the Light  
We shall meet in the far away blue.

#### REFRAIN

We shall hear in the far away blue  
That wonderful song, ever new,  
Which the angels will sing while they worship the  
King  
We shall hear in the far away blue

#### REFRAIN

O, the home in the far away blue,  
At the end of life's voyage, its view  
Will gladden our souls while the picture unrolls  
Of our home in the far away blue.

#### REFRAIN

## SONGS SACRED AND SECULAR

### EVENING.

Shades of night around us close,  
Comes the hour of sweet repose;  
Saviour, keep us by thy care  
'Till Thy glorious home we share.

O'er the earth, the calm twilight  
Gently breathes the birth of night,  
So Thy Spirit from above  
Tells us Thy eternal love.

As the morning wakes the day  
Bright with many a sunlit ray;  
So at last may we arise,  
Perfect in Thy Holy Eyes.

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### A LIGHT FROM PARADISE.

I dreamed that I sailed on a river fair  
Towards the heavenly Jerusalem,  
While from far away, all the golden day,  
Came sweet songs from the angels' home.

A storm swept the waters, the daylight fled,  
Dark the night, fierce the wind and cold,  
But I knew that the King of that heavenly land  
Would bring me safe into His fold.

I dreamed that the King sent His angels down,  
That they played on their harps of gold,  
Till the storm was stilled and my soul was thrilled  
While the harmonies upward rolled.

The darkness of night sped softly away,  
Ne'er a cloud in the sky's blue dome,  
Then a glorious Light shone from Paradise  
And I knew I was almost home.

## SONGS SACRED AND SECULAR

### BEYOND THE STAR LIGHT.

Far, far beyond the starlight,  
Above the sky-blue dome  
There is a Holy City,  
An everlasting home;  
There songs are songs the sweetest,  
With harmonies divine,  
There Light is Light eternal,  
There needs no sun to shine.

Jerusalem the golden  
On earth its name is known,  
Blest home of happy angels  
Who sing around the throne;  
Some day in the hereafter  
With loved ones gone before,  
We'll live in heaven's sunshine  
And peace for evermore.

Around the walls of jasper  
Are fields of living green  
Bedecked with flowers of beauty,  
The fairest ever seen.  
No storm within its portals,  
No fear by night or day;  
The Lamb of God its glory,  
Our Saviour, King alway.

## SONGS SACRED AND SECULAR

### THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

I've read of a wonderful great white throne,  
Far, far away,  
Beyond the stars, the beautiful stars,  
In the region of endless day;  
There a marvelous light hides the face of night,  
For the Lamb is the light alway.

#### REFRAIN

Beyond the stars, the beautiful stars,  
Where the angels are praising the Holy One,  
Where a marvelous light hides the face of night,  
There standeth the wonderful great white throne.

Rich harmonies roll round the great white throne,  
Far, far away,  
For a wonderful throng sings the grand new song,  
While the harps of the angels play  
And a marvelous light hides the face of night,  
For the Lamb is the light alway.

#### REFRAIN

Hosannas ring to the Saviour, King,  
Far, far away,  
To the Holy One on the great white throne,  
To the Lord of eternal day;  
While a marvelous light hides the face of night,  
For the Lamb is the light alway

#### REFRAIN

## SONGS SACRED AND SECULAR

### THE HEAVENLY LAND.

My song shall be of heaven,  
Dear land of life and light,  
Where days are days unending  
Without a cheerless night;  
Where golden harps are playing  
And sound the heavenly lyres  
And songs of sweetest music  
Are sung by angel choirs.

#### REFRAIN

O, land of joy forever,  
O, home most wondrous fair;  
In Paradise, the blessed  
God's peace and love will share.

There beautiful the mansions  
Our Saviour has prepared  
For those who here have loved Him  
And in His service shared,  
Beside the living waters  
In Eden's happy land,  
Embowered in lasting verdure  
Those heavenly mansions stand.

#### REFRAIN

Would you too share its glory,  
Would you there enter in,  
Believe this precious story:  
Christ pardons all your sin,  
And if you now will trust Him  
And serve Him evermore,  
Some joyful day He'll meet you  
Upon fair Eden's shore.

#### REFRAIN

## SONGS SACRED AND SECULAR

### THE SONG CELESTIAL.

Hushed was the hour of twilight  
And dumb the massive bell,  
Within the dim cathedral  
A solemn stillness fell.  
The multitude were kneeling,  
The white-robed preacher bent,  
A holy calm seemed stealing  
Like dew from heaven sent.

Angels in glory waited  
Above the dome of blue,  
And sang a song far sweeter  
Than mortals ever knew.  
See! From the choir a maiden,  
Her face like Heaven's shine,  
Oh, wondrous inspiration,  
She caught the strain divine.

Like notes from Paradise,  
Her soul in every tone,  
She sang the Song Celestial  
Heard at the Great White Throne:  
A melody entrancing,  
Soft, quivering in the air,  
Beneath the arches floated  
And rose to Heaven, a prayer.

Breathless, the people listened,  
Hearts almost ceased to beat,  
Earth seemed to be receding,  
And near, the Golden Street.  
They saw the walls of jasper  
And, mossy banks between,  
The Crystal River flowing  
By fields of living green.

## SONGS SACRED AND SECULAR

The maiden's song had ended  
When, lo! a glorious crown,  
Borne by a band of angels,  
From Heaven came gently down;  
Upon her brow they placed it,  
Clothed her in raiment white  
And by their wings, uplifted  
Bore her to realms of light

Once more the music rolled,  
And now the angels sang  
The glorious Song Celestial,  
Till Heaven's arches rang:  
Its wondrous strains of melody  
Thrilled all the heavenly throng,  
And round the throne of God became  
The everlasting song.

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## FALLING LEAVES.

Falling leaves, falling leaves,  
Back to earth,  
Back to the source that gave them birth.  
So do we, life's voyage past,  
Take down the sails, release the mast,  
And willing, cross the storm-lashed beach  
Our Father's welcome home to reach.

Muskegon, Oct. 11, 1911.



## SONGS SACRED AND SECULAR

### OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river our loved ones wait,  
Wait in our Father's dwelling,  
Watching our pathway till time grows late,  
While life's story is telling.  
Glorious songs will the angels sing  
While we are crossing the river,  
Dear ones will join in our welcoming  
Home to the bright forever.

Close by the river the Boatman stands,  
Waiting His children to carry  
Over the waters to heavenly lands,  
There forever to tarry.  
Beautiful home in the far away,  
Thither our footsteps are tending,  
Shineth the light of eternal day,  
There with a glory unending.

Time as it passes will surely bring  
All of us near to the river;  
Fear not its crossing, our Saviour, King  
Safely from harm will deliver.  
Eye hath not seen ever land so far,  
Sweet is the wonderful story  
Told of the joys that await us there,  
When we shall enter its glory.

## SONGS SACRED AND SECULAR

### THE TRUE PATHWAY.

Could we roll back the curtain that covers the past,  
    Could we clear from life's shore the sands of time,  
We would see the blue skies with no clouds overcast  
    And hear the joy-bells of our childhood, chime.

Then the path will seem brighter as farther we go,  
    While we enter the region of joys' overflow,  
And the schoolmates we loved will seemingly say  
    "Come nearer and nearer, come join in our play."

There are sweet little faces, the boys and the girls,  
    Bareheaded they frolic, child-nature unfurls;  
Their shouting and laughing brings the times as of  
    old;  
    We've reached the joy-harbor, we're back in the  
    fold.

'Tis our childhood again:—then the curtain drops  
    down  
    And the waves of the past recede from the shore;  
The pathway now leads from the cross to the crown  
    In the Beautiful Land of the Evermore.

## SONGS SACRED AND SECULAR

### RINGING OF THE CHIMES.

Chimes were sweetly ringing,  
    Ringing one summer eve,  
Dropping their musical diamonds  
    Down in a fairy sieve  
Made by the lights and shadows  
    Floating beneath the trees,  
Gently woven together  
    By the soft evening breeze.

Chimes were ringing, ringing,  
    Ringing each joyful bell,  
Dropping their musical diamonds  
The old, old songs to tell.

Sitting there I listened,  
    Listened to hear their ring,  
Ringing the old-time music,  
    Songs that I used to sing;  
Then, when their musical story  
    Ended at twilight's fall,  
Waves of the past were bringing  
    Songs from my memory's hall.

Chimes were ringing, ringing,  
    Ringing each joyful bell,  
Dropping their musical diamonds  
The old, old songs to tell.

Long lost melodies, creeping  
    Out of the sands of time,  
Tuned by my fanciful musings,  
    Tuned to a tone sublime;

## SONGS SACRED AND SECULAR

Moonlight, shadowy visions,  
Visions of olden times  
Folded their charms around me,  
Moved by the ringing chimes.

Chimes were ringing, ringing,  
Ringing each joyful bell,  
Dropping their musical diamonds,  
The old, old songs to tell.

(One summer eve, while sitting under the trees in the  
Boston public garden, near to the many churches.)





"By the rolling sea, on the wave-beat shore"—Page 46.

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